BACONIANA.

VOL. VI. *Third Series.* JANUARY, 1908. No. 21.

THE BACON SOCIETY.

THE beginning of a new year or of a new volume seems to encourage a spell of introspection. It is more than twenty-two years since the first number of the "Journal of the Bacon Society" appeared and nearly sixteen years since it adopted the title of BACONIANA. The pages bear evidence of much valuable work on the part of the members in what, as a correspondent points out, Dr. Appleton Morgan has described as "the higher criticism of Shakespeare." There are contributions which approach the question of the authorship from many points of view; odd facts are brought to light; theories are propounded with different degrees of probability, but all of them assist in arriving at an intelligent solution of this vexed question. The results of careful and painstaking research abound. But interesting and valuable as are these contributions, a perusal of them affords no evidence of combined or systematic effort directed to the attainment of a particular object.

It was in 1903, on the incorporation of the Society, that a scheme for its work was drawn up, and it must be admitted that but little has so far been done towards its accomplishment; yet a determined attempt to carry out that scheme would justify the existence of the

Society. Its complete fulfilment would produce one of the most important and valuable contributions to English literature that the country possesses. It is a work of national importance. There have been obstacles in the way of progress. Perhaps the most important of these is lack of funds. Useful as may be the work of voluntary researchers, it is only from the labours of stipendiary workers directed from one centre that satisfactory results can be relied upon. But such services cannot be obtained without ample funds.

Again, the collecting of books needs not only the judgment and discrimination of the officers of the Society, but a balance at the bank to provide for payment of the booksellers' accounts. The publication of BACONIANA has so far taxed the resources of the Treasurer as to leave little margin for the equipment of the library or the examination of records.

Still, some progress has been made. The shelves in the library, which at one time were filled by volumes lent by two of the founders of the Society, are now being re-filled by books, the property of the Society. The complete record of all the editions published to date of Bacon's acknowledged works, and of all information available with reference to them, is in an advanced state; and although the Society has not collected statistics as to the extent and points of coincidence in the vocabularies of Bacon, Shakespeare and other authors, the late Editor of BACONIANA has produced in "The Shakespeare Symphony" an important instalment towards this end.

The Council are determined that the forthcoming year shall be more prolific in results. A re-arrangement of the library and offices has taken place, and it is hoped that the members will avail themselves of the increased facilities afforded for obtaining information. A valuable collection of books is being brought together

and every week will see some addition to their number. Communications will be sent to each member, inviting assistance in the various departments of work to be undertaken.

Before the completed scheme before referred to can be carried out it is imperative that there should be a large increase in the membership. At the next Annual Meeting this point will receive special consideration. In the meantime the Honorary Secretary will gladly welcome the names of any ladies or gentlemen who are known to take an interest in the objects of the Society.

THE BEGINNING OF THE DOUBTS.

AT the risk of going over ground which has been trodden bare, it may not be amiss to draw attention to what is probably the most remarkable contribution bearing on the authorship of the Shake-speare plays. It is the more remarkable because it never appears to have entered into the mind of the writer that, in pointing out the fact that in knowledge, in intellect, in sympathies and in prejudices, Bacon and Shakespeare were the counterpart of each other, he was building up a series of arguments so strong that they afford to any impartial seeker after truth presumptive evidence that the two names represent one and the same colossal mind.

It will be remembered that the first known publication questioning the right of Shakspere to the authorship of the Shakesperian dramas was an article styled "The Ancient Lethe" in "The Romance of Yachting; Voyage the First," written by Colonel Joseph C. Hart and published by Harper and Brothers, of New York,

in 1848.* Hart was a lawyer, journalist and yachtsman, and colonel in the National Guard. "The Romance of Yachting" is a gossipy account of a voyage to Spain, in which are introduced discussions on various topics in a free-and-easy style. The chapter in which doubt is raised as to the authorship is supposed to be written on the banks of the Guadelete — the ancient Lethe. Colonel Hart argues that the facts known in the life of Shakespeare, so far as they *are* known, are incompatible

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* Mr. George Stronach on reading this article sent the following note :—

Colonel Hart's book, published in **1848**, was, unfortunately, anticipated in **1837** by Disraeli's *Venetia*, where, in chap. vi., Lord Cadurcis (meant for Lord Byron) is made to say : "And who is Shakespeare? We know of him as much as we do of Homer. Did he write half the plays attributed to him? Did he ever write a single whole play? I doubt it. He appears to me to have been an inspired adapter for the theatres, which were then not as good as barns. I take him to have been a botcher-up of old plays. His popularity is of modern date ; and it may not last ; it would have surprised him marvellously. Heaven knows, at present, all that bears his name is alike admired, and a regular Shakespearian falls into ecstasies with trash which deserves a niche in *The Dunciad*. For my part, I abhor your *irregular* geniuses, and I love to listen to the little nightingale of Twickenham." Good ! This is certainly the first mention of the doubt of the *Shakespearian* [Stratford] authorship of the plays in English literature ; and to that arch-plagiarist, Beaconsfield, the first doubt is to be attributed. Beaconsfield knew "the man."

It may interest readers of BACONIANA to know that the author of the article in *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal* of August 7, 1852, entitled, *Who Wrote Shakespeare?* was an Edinburgh medical man, Dr. Jameson, the father of "Dr. Jim," of "South African Raid" notoriety.

I am glad to see a reference given to Gervinus's *Commentaries*, where numerous comparisons are made between Bacon and Shakespeare. May I refer your readers to a paper which I wrote on this subject in BACONIANA (Vol. III., Third Series, pp. 113—116). I was amazed at the comparison made by Gervinus

with the authorship. He suggests no other author. The following passages occur:—

"Alas, Shakespeare! Lethe is upon thee! But if it drown thee, it will give up and work the resurrection of *better men and more worthy*. Thou hast had thy century; they are about to have theirs."

. . . . .

"He was not the mate of the literary characters of his day,

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between Bacon's *prose* and Shakespeare's *verse*. To me it was a revelation; and I have been studying the works of both authors for a few years.—GEORGE STRONACH.

The foregoing extract from Venetia is an amplification of a passage in Medwin's "Conversations of Lord Byron," published in 1824. The chapter from which it is taken is dated January, 1822. Byron says, "Shakespeare had many advantages; he was an actor by profession and knew all the tricks of the trade. Yet he had little fame in his day; see what Jonson and his contemporaries said of him. Besides, how few of what are called Shakespeare's plays are exclusively so! and how, at this distance of time, and lost as so many works of that period are, can we really separate what really is from what is not his own?" And further on in the same conversation he says: "Shakespeare's comedies are quite out of date; many of them are insufferable to read, much more to see. They are gross food, only fit for an English or German palate; they are indigestible to the French and Italians, the politest people in the world. One can hardly find ten lines together without some gross violation of taste or decency. What do you think of Bottom in *Midsummer's Night Dream?* or of Troilus and Cressida *passim?*"

Neither Lord Byron nor Disraeli goes further than to cast doubt as to whether Shakespeare wrote the whole of the plays attributed to him. The strongest doubt is contained in the words in Venetia, "Did he ever write a single whole play? I doubt it." Both Lord Byron and Lord Cadurcis speak in a deprecatory manner of the plays. But Colonel Hart takes up a very different standpoint. He says, "*The enquiry will be, Who were the able literary men who wrote the dramas imputed to him?*" and again, "*but they (the plays) should not be assigned to Shakespeare alone, if at all.*"—EDITOR "BACONIANA."

and none knew it better than himself. It is a fraud upon the world to thrust his surreptitious fame upon us. He had none that was worthy of being transmitted. The inquiry will be, *Who were the able literary men who wrote the dramas imputed to him?* The plays themselves, or rather a small portion of them, will live as long as English literature is regarded as worth pursuit. The authorship of the plays is no otherwise material to us than as a matter of curiosity, and to enable us to render exact justice; but they should not be assigned to Shakespeare alone, if at all."

It was written of Hart that "he was quite proud of writing that chapter as to Shakespeare, and declared that in time his views must become accepted."

In *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal* of August 7th, 1852, appeared an article, "Who Wrote Shakespeare?" The argument is contained in the following extract:—

"May not William Shakespeare—the cautious, calculating man, careless of fame and intent only on money-making—have found in some furtherest garret, overlooking the silent highway of the Thames, some pale, wasted student, with a brow as lofty and as ample as his own, who had written the *Wars of the Roses*, and who, with eyes of genius gleaming through despair, was about, like Chatterton, to spend his last copper coin upon some cheap and speedy mode of death? What was to hinder William Shakespeare from reading, appreciating and purchasing these dramas, and thereafter keeping his poet, as Mrs. Packwood did?"

. . . . .

"Well, reader, how like you our hypothesis? We confess we do not like it ourselves; but we humbly think it is at least as plausible as most of what is contained in the many bulky volumes written to connect the man William Shakespeare with the poet of *Hamlet*. We repeat, there is nothing recorded in his everyday life that connects the two, except the fact of his selling the poems and realising the proceeds, and their being afterwards published with his name attached; and the statements of Ben Jonson, which, however, are quite compatible with his being in the secret."

It was not until January, 1856, that an article written by Miss Delia Bacon, whilst staying at St. Albans

during a visit to England, appeared in *Putnam's Monthly* on "William Shakespeare and his Plays." This was the commencement of the "Bacon-Shakespeare" controversy. But in this article Miss Bacon only suggests the theory, and that not directly, but by inference. In 1857 appeared her work, "The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded," with a preface by Nathaniel Hawthorne. In this volume she boldly advances the theory, not from the histocical side of the question—that was reserved for a volume never published—but on the ground that the plays contained a system of philosophy identical with that which was put forward in Lord Bacon's acknowledged works.

In September, 1856, was published as a pamphlet Mr. William Henry Smith's letter to Lord Ellesmere, under the title of "Was Lord Bacon the Author of Shakespeare's Plays?" Mr. Smith claimed that he had held these opinions for twenty years previously and had not, prior to the publication of his letter, seen Miss Bacon's article in *Putnam's Monthly*.

The first doubt on the authorship of the plays was cast in 1848; the first suggestion that Lord Bacon was concerned was made in 1856.

Dr. G. G. Gervinus, Professor at Heidelberg, published in 1849 his work, "Shakespeare Commentaries."

In the Prospectus of "The New Shakespeare Society," written in 1873 by Dr. F. J. Furnivall, he says:—

"The profound and generous 'Commentaries' of Gervinus—an honour to a German to have written, a pleasure to an Englishman to read—is still the only book known to me that comes near the true treatment and the dignity of its subject, or can be put into the hands of the student who wants to know the mind of Shakespeare."

In the index to the English translation, under the name of Bacon, appears the number of one page, 848,

but the book abounds with references to Bacon, and in the copy in the Bacon Society's library upwards of thirty references have already been added. From the Preface to the last chapter Gervinus appears to have Bacon continually suggested to him by the thoughts and words of Shakespeare.

In the Preface, after speaking of the value accruing to German literature by naturalizing Shakespeare "even at the risk of casting our own poets still further in the shade," he says :—

"A similar benefit would it be to our intellectual life if his famed contemporary, Bacon, were revived in a suitable manner, in order to counterbalance the idealistic philosophy of Germany. For both these, the poet as well as the philosopher, having looked deeply into the history and politics of their people, stand upon the level ground of reality, notwithstanding the high art of the one and the speculative notions of the other. By the healthfulness of their own mind they influence the healthfulness of others, while in their most ideal and most abstract representations they aim at a preparation for life *as it is*—for *that* life which forms the exclusive subject of all political action."

Space will not permit the reproduction of the references which Gervinus is constantly making to Bacon's writings to explain Shakespeare's words; they occur constantly. It is, however, in the chapter on "His Age," written prior to 1849, that the old Professor pours out the results of a profound study of the writings attributed to both men, and although portions have appeared in a previous number, no apology is necessary for their reproduction here :—

"Judge then how natural it was that England, if not the birthplace of the drama, should be that of dramatic legislature. Yet even this instance of favourable concentration is not the last. Both in philosophy and poetry everything conspired, as it were, throughout this prosperous period, in favour of two great minds, Shakespeare and Bacon; all competitors vanished from their side, and they could give forth laws for art and science which it is incumbent even upon present ages to fulfil. As the revived

philosophy, which in the former century in Germany was divided among many, but in England at that time was the possession of a single man, so poetry also found one exclusive heir, compared with whom those later born could claim but little.

"That Shakespeare's appearance upon a soil so admirably prepared was neither marvellous nor accidental is evidenced even by the corresponding appearance of such a contemporary as Bacon. Scarcely can anything be said of Shakespeare's position generally with regard to mediæval poetry which does not also bear upon the position of the renovator Bacon with regard to mediæval philosophy. Neither knew nor mentioned the other, although Bacon was almost called upon to have done so in his remarks upon the theatre of his day. It may be presumed that Shakespeare liked Bacon but little, if he knew his writings and life; that he liked not his ostentation, which, without on the whole interfering with his modesty, recurred too often in many instances; that he liked not the fault-finding which his ill-health might have caused, nor the narrow-mindedness with which he pronounced the histrionic art to be infamous, although he allowed that the ancients regarded the drama as a school for virtue; nor the theoretic precepts of worldly wisdom which he gave forth; nor, lastly, the practical career which he lived. Before his mind, however, if he had fathomed it, he must have bent in reverence. For just as Shakespeare was an interpreter of the secrets of history and of human nature, Bacon was an interpreter of lifeless nature. Just as Shakespeare went from instance to instance in his judgment of moral actions, and never founded a law on single experience, so did Bacon in natural science avoid leaping from one experience of the senses to general principles; he spoke of this with blame as anticipating nature; and Shakespeare, in the same way, would have called the conventionalities in the poetry of the Southern races an anticipation of human nature. In the scholastic science of the middle ages, as in the chivalric poetry of the romantic period, approbation and not truth was sought for, and with one accord Shakespeare's poetry and Bacon's science were equally opposed to this. As Shakespeare balanced the one-sided errors of the imagination by reason, reality, and nature, so Bacon led philosophy away from the one-sided errors of reason to experience; both, with one stroke, renovated the two branches of science and poetry by this renewed bond with nature; both, dis-

regarding all by-ways, staked everything upon this 'victory in the race between art and nature.' Just as Bacon with his new philosophy is linked with the natural science of Greece and Rome, and then with the latter period of philosophy in western Europe, so Shakespeare's drama stands in relation to the comedies of Plautus and to the stage of his own day; between the two there lay a vast wilderness of time, as unfruitful for the drama as for philosophy. But while they thus led back to nature, Bacon was yet as little of an empiric, in the common sense, as Shakespeare was a poet of nature. Bacon prophesied that if hereafter his commendation of experience should prevail, great danger to science would arise from the other extreme, and Shakespeare even in his own day could perceive the same with respect to his poetry; Bacon, therefore, insisted on the closest union between experience and reason, just as Shakespeare effected that between reality and imagination. While they thus bid adieu to the formalities of ancient art and science, Shakespeare to conceits and taffeta-phrases, Bacon to logic and syllogisms, yet at times it occurred that the one fell back into the subtleties of the old school, and the other into the constrained wit of the Italian style. Bacon felt himself quite an original in that which was his peculiar merit, and so was Shakespeare; the one in the method of science he had laid down, and in his suggestions for its execution, the other in the poetical works he had executed, and in the suggestions of their new law. Bacon, looking back to the waymarks he had left for others, said with pride that his words required a century for their demonstration and several for their execution; and so too it has demanded two centuries to understand Shakespeare, but very little has ever been executed in his sense. And at the same time we have mentioned what deep modesty was interwoven in both with their self-reliance, so that the words which Bacon liked to quote hold good for the two works:—'The kingdom of God cometh not with observation.' Both reached this height from the one starting point, that Shakespeare despised the million, and Bacon feared with Phocion the applause of the multitude. Both are alike in the rare impartiality with which they avoided everything one-sided; in Bacon we find, indeed, youthful exercises in which he endeavoured in severe contrasts to contemplate a series of things from two points of view. Both, therefore, have an equal

hatred of sects and parties; Bacon of sophists and dogmatic philosophers, Shakespeare of Puritans and zealots. Both, therefore, are equally free from prejudices, and from astrological superstition in dreams and omens. Bacon says of the alchemists and magicians in natural science that they stand in similar relation to true knowledge as the deeds of Amadis to those of Cæsar, and so does Shakespeare's true poetry stand in relation to the fantastic romance of Amadis. Just as Bacon banished religion from science, so did Shakespeare from art; and when the former complained that the teachers of religion were against natural philosophy, they were equally against the stage. From Bacon's example it seems clear that Shakespeare left religious matters unnoticed on the same grounds as himself, and took the path of morality in worldly things; in both this has been equally misconstrued, and Le Maistre has proved Bacon's lack of Christianity, as Birch has done that of Shakespeare. Shakespeare would, perhaps, have looked down just as contemptuously on the ancients and their arts as Bacon did on their philosophy and natural science, and both on the same grounds; they boasted of the greater age of the world, of more enlarged knowledge of heaven, earth, and mankind. Neither stooped before authorities, and an injustice similar to that which Bacon committed against Aristotle, Shakespeare *perhaps* has done to Homer. In both a similar combination of different mental powers was at work; and as Shakespeare was often involuntarily philosophical in his profoundness, Bacon was not seldom surprised into the imagination of the poet. Just as Bacon, although he declared knowledge in itself to be much more valuable than the use of invention, insisted throughout generally and dispassionately upon the practical use of philosophy, so Shakespeare's poetry, independent as was his sense of art, aimed throughout at bearing upon the moral life. Bacon himself was of the same opinion; he was not far from declaring history to be the best teacher of politics, and poetry the best instructor in morals. Both were alike deeply moved by the picture of a ruling Nemesis, whom they saw, grand and powerful, striding through history and life, dragging the mightiest and most prosperous as a sacrifice to her altar, as the victims of their own inward nature and destiny. In Bacon's works we find a multitude of moral sayings and maxims of experience, from which the most striking mottoes might be

drawn for every Shakespearian play, aye, for every one of his principal characters (we have already brought forward not a few proofs of this), testifying to a remarkable harmony in their mutual comprehension of human nature. Both, in their systems of morality rendering homage to Aristotle, whose ethics Shakespeare, from a passage in Troilus, may have read, arrived at the same end as he did—that virtue lies in a just medium between two extremes. Shakespeare would also have agreed with *him* in this, that Bacon declared excess to be 'the fault of youth, as defect is of age;' he accounted 'defect the worst, because excess contains some sparks of magnanimity, and, like a bird, claims kindred of the heavens, while defect, only like a base worm, crawls upon the earth.' In these maxims lie at once, as it were, the whole theory of Shakespeare's dramatic forms and of his moral philosophy."

WAS "SHAKSPERE" EVER ABROAD?

THE idea that Shakspere (the Stratford man) had ever been abroad was never entertained till modern critics came to see that there was much in the plays with which only a continental visit could have supplied him.

Modern commentators insist upon the dramatist's residence abroad at some time of his career, especially on a visit to Denmark, the scene of his greatest play, *Hamlet*. The subject is one of much literary interest, and one which has never been thoroughly investigated except, perhaps, by Carl Elze, after Gervinus, the greatest of Shakespearean critics.

Fifty years ago, when I was a boy at school, my dear old father took me to an Edinburgh theatre (it was the sixpenny gallery) to see Charles Kean as "Shylock" in *The Merchant of Venice*. On the way home I asked "the guv" if the author of the play had ever been in Venice, where the scene was laid. He replied, "Read

it up, my boy; I cannot tell you." I read it up, and the first book I read was a little work by "William Henry Smith, Esq.," entitled *Bacon and Shakespeare*, published in the year 1857.

Smith was one of the forerunners of the Baconian theory, and his arguments at the time rather impressed me, one of them being a criticism by *The Athenæum* (then a leading literary weekly) of his letter to Lord Ellesmere in the preceding year, in which it was stated by the journal, "The most striking difficulty, perhaps, lies in the descriptions (in the plays) of foreign scenes, particularly of Italian scenes, and of sea-life, interwoven with the texts of the plays—descriptions so numerous and so marvellously accurate that it is almost impossible to believe that they were written by a man who lived in London and Stratford, who never left this island, and who saw the world only from a stroller's booth. Every reader of the plays has felt this difficulty, and theories have been formed of imaginary Shakespeare travels, in order to account for the minute local truth and the prevalence of local colour. It is not easy to conceive *The Merchant of Venice* as coming from the brain of one who had never strolled on the Rialto, or sunned himself on the slopes of Monte Bello. Without warrant of any sort, beyond the internal evidence of the play, Mr. Brown and Mr. Halliwell have boldly adopted the theory of an Italian journey; though when and where it could have been performed, in the course of a life so brief and busy as Shakespeare's was between his marriage and his retirement from the stage, is a mystery not more perplexing than the local knowledge it would serve to explain."

This was a good plea in the pre-Baconian days, and it assuredly had some argument in its favour.

There are many reasons to believe that the writer of the plays had visited Italy. In a note, says Charles Knight, upon the passage:—

> "Unto the transit to the common ferry
> Which trades to Venice,"

"If Shakspere had been at Venice (which from the extraordinary keeping of the play, appears the most natural supposition), he must surely have had some situation in his eye as Belmont. There is a common ferry at two places—Fusina and Mestre."

In the same play the poet says :—

> "This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick,
> It looks a little paler : 'tis a day
> Such as the day is when the sun is hid ;"

whereupon Knight remarks :

"The light of the moon and stars in Italy is almost as yellow as the sunlight in England . . . Two hours after sunset, on the night of a new moon, we have seen so far over the lagunes that the light seemed only a paler day—'a little paler.'" How did "the Stratford man" get this information ?

Then Brown, the author of *Shakespeare's Autobiographical Plays*, strenuously maintained the opinion that Shakespeare must have visited Italy, for the reason that "His descriptions of Italian scenes and manners are more minute and accurate than if he had derived his information wholly from books."

Charles Knight, again, in his reference to *The Taming of the Shrew*, says, "It is difficult for those who have explored the city of Padua to resist the persuasion that the poet himself had been one of the travellers who had come from afar to look upon its seats of learning, if not to partake of its 'ingenious studies.' There is a pure Paduan atmosphere hanging about this play."

The scene of *The Taming of the Shrew* is laid in Italy. The names of the characters are chosen with a

perfect knowledge of the Italian language, especially those of Biondello for the fair-haired youth, while Curtis was either the name of the actor or a corruption of Cortese, as Escalus is of Della Scala.

The introduction, where Padua is called the "nursery of arts," and Lombardy "the pleasant garden of great Italy," is so true to nature that it might have been penned by an Italian.

In regard to the household furniture, and the other garnishing of old Gremio's house, it has been shown by Lady Morgan that every article mentioned in the play has been seen by her in the palaces of Venice, Genoa, and Florence. The whole drama is saturated with Italian characteristics, which only an Italian or a visitor to Italy could have been acquainted with.

Another fact is indisputable. The author of the plays could read Italian or, as an alternative, knew Italy at first hand. In *A Winter's Tale* he describes Giulio Romano as a great *sculptor*. In the days of Shakespeare, Romano was known as a *painter* and architect—not as a *sculptor*. Vasari, however, in 1550, described him as a sculptor, and again in 1568—on both occasions—in *Italian*, not in *English*. Either Shakespeare must have studied Vasari in the original Italian, or had been in Mantua and seen Romano's sculptured works. There is no way of getting out of this dilemma.

But then, it may be asked, if the author of the plays was so well acquainted with Northern Italy, how does he come to connect Verona and Milan by a water-way in *The Two Gentlemen*, and make "the egregious geographical blunder" of ascribing a port to Bohemia in *A Winter's Tale?* But, was it a blunder?

But Shakespeare knew more than his modern critics. In his day there was no *sea* communication between Verona and Milan, but there was *canal* communication, as Northern Italy was then "intersected by canals;"

and under Ottokar the kingdom of Bohemia stretched from the Baltic to the Adriatic—it had *ports* on both sides (Freeman's *Hist. Geog. of Europe*). This is confirmed by George Sand, Tschamer, and Karl Elze; so that the writer of the plays seems to have been further "abroad" than some people give him credit for—at least he was so far abroad as Northern Italy.

According to Mr. Sidney Lee, however, "It is almost impossible that he (Shakespeare) could have gathered his knowledge of Northern Italy from personal observation. He doubtless owed all to the verbal reports of travelled friends or to books, the contents of which he had a rare power of assimilating and vitalising."

It would be interesting to know the names of the books referred to by Mr. Lee.

So much for the dramatist's visitation of Italy. What about his voyages by sea? The late Dr. Garnett held that Shakespeare went "on a confidential errand" to Germany and returned "by way of Venice." The purpose and occasion of this "confidential errand" have never been revealed. It is not mentioned by Mr. Lee in his "Life of Shakespeare." Mr. Lee may have overlooked it, however.

Dr. Garnett supplemented his information about the "confidential errand" by stating that "Nothing could so well fit in with the long voyage which he certainly must have made at some time or other of his life." When was the voyage made? Did Shakspere ever look on the sea? There is no record of the occasion. And if the writer of the play was never in sight of the sea, how does it come about, as Richard Grant White writes, "In *Henry VIII.*, describing the outburst of admiration and loyalty of the multitude at sight of Anne Boleyn, he says, as if he had spent his life on shipboard,

"'Such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest;
As loud, and as many tunes.'"

In *The Tempest* we have directions as to the management of a ship that no sailor can take exception to; and Lord Mulgrave says:—"Shakespeare's technical knowledge of seamanship must have been the result of the most accurate personal observation, or, what is perhaps more difficult, of the power of combining and applying the information derived from others." Remember, no books had at the time been published on the subject. Then Dr. Johnson declares:—"His naval dialogue is, perhaps, the first example of sailors' language exhibited on the stage," and a great naval authority has held that, "The boatswain in *The Tempest* delivers himself in the true vernacular of the forecastle."

Another typically nautical play is *The Merchant of Venice*, where accurate sailors' expressions are put into the mouths of Salanio and Salarino. *A Comedy of Errors* is also full of nautical allusions and sea words, all of which would be understood and recognised as true sailors' talk by a seaman of the present day.

Did Shakespeare see the sea, or did he realise the life and language of a sailor, as Mr. Sidney Lee maintains, by "force of his imagination?"

No sailor, however, can ever catch Shakespeare tripping. It has been said that Kipling has so assimilated technical knowledge of various kinds that he might pass for a soldier, sailor, and engineer in one. But Kipling has had, in the course of his voyages and travels, full acquaintance with the lives of soldiers, sailors, and engineers, an acquaintance to which Shakspere, the man of Stratford, could not pretend. And yet it is easy for a sailor to catch Kipling napping. Was it possible for Shakspere, with his known sur-

roundings, to become so fully conversant with nautical language?

I now come to Shakspere's supposititious journey to Denmark and Germany; and over this there is a little discrepancy between the opinions of Dr. Garnett and Mr. Sidney Lee.

Dr. Garnett maintained:—"The year 1585 is that in which Shakespeare disappears from observation. Leicester was the great lord of his part of the country, to whose protection he would naturally have recourse. A band of youths from Warwickshire (?) did, we know, follow Leicester, and few Warwickshire youths can have had more cogent reasons (? associated with poaching, possibly) for making one of their number than William Shakespeare . . . Leicester took a company of actors with him to the Low countries, and Shakespeare may have been of the number of it, but it is quite as likely that he served in some other capacity" (holding horses, probably, at the stage door).

Mr. Lee cautiously remarks:—

"The suggestion that Shakespeare joined, at the end of 1585, a band of youths of the district in serving in the Low countries under the Earl of Leicester is based on an obvious confusion between him and others of his name."

What Mr. Lee refers to is evidently the story that there was sent home to Leicester's wife a letter which was mis-delivered, by the hand of the actor in the Low countries, known as "Will, my Lord of Leicester's jesting player." We have the names of the principal actors in the Leicester Company—William Kemp (the original "Dogberry" in *Much Ado*, and "Peter" in *Romeo and Juliet*), George Bryant, and Thomas Pope; but, unfortunately for Dr. Garnett, the name of Shakspere is not found in the Low Countries' programme. The

"Will, my Lord of Leicester's jesting player," could only by a huge stretch of imagination be made to apply to Shakspere, who, as a "ghost," could not be considered a "jesting player."

"William Kemp"—the Elizabethan comedian—was certainly a member of Leicester's troupe; and I have yet to learn that "William Shakspere" was the "jesting player" referred to in the letter, as we know that Shakspere's characters were the "Ghost" in *Hamlet* and "Adam" in *As You Like it.* Not much scope here for a "jesting player!"—is there?

Dr. Garnett says:—"At this time Shakespere was in Germany and Denmark with Leicester's company of players;" and Dr. Furnivall declares that Shakspere, at this period of his career, "could then have been taking his M.A. degree." Did he take it? And where?

In the next number of BACONIANA I hope to discuss the question—*Was Bacon ever abroad? When and where?* It will make an interesting article. I shall try to make it so.

GEORGE STRONACH.

SUMMER'S HONEY BREATH.

IN a recent paper* I sought to show that Imogen, "a piece of tender air," was, as the name implies, a piece of the author's thought which in Sonnet 45 he styles "slight air." I also sought to show that air is equivalent to music, *i.e.*, poesy, and I found significance in the statement that "Posthumous anchors upon Imogen;" also in Posthumous' ejaculation, "Hang there like fruit, my *soul.*"

In the present paper I shall discuss Perdita. That the four plays (*Pericles, Cymbeline, Winter's Tale* and *Tempest*) are related was noted long ago. Their exact relation has, perhaps, not been accurately defined. There is something strikingly obvious in the common motive of these four late plays, and it seems legitimate to conjecture that there must have been a purpose in thus playing upon a common theme. The argument advanced in regard to Imogen does not seem far-fetched, or, if it does, it may seem less so if we find that the same argument may be made with reference to the other plays, or any of them. I think an examination of the *Winter's Tale* will result in the identical deductions that were made in the case of *Cymbeline.* I think also that the remark is true of *Pericles* and the *Tempest.* The analogies of groundwork and episode in the plays are obvious. Even identities of thought and expression are preserved. Of course the treatment is varied, but a common thread runs through them all. The insistent note of the unique, glorious thing of great value that is lost but in the end restored is too obvious to be overlooked. In three plays it is a daughter, in the fourth a kingdom, though even in the fourth a daughter figures, as peerless as the others. The extravagant terms of

* BACONIANA, October, 1907.

praise applied to this creature recall the Sonnets, and the similarity of characterization suggests design—"unparalleled," "nonpareil," "paragon," "peerless," "phœnix;" the words occur with damnable, or at least suspicious, iteration, and we begin to feel that there must be a family likeness among creatures which require the same words to describe them. I said in my former paper that I thought there was a very close resemblance between these unique ladies, and that they were nearly related to the author of the plays. If I had any success in exhibiting Imogen as a piece of the author's thought, I hope here to discover Perdita in the same character.

To make the point plain, I will repeat in a word what I before said at some length. Imogen is a "piece of tender air" (Sonnet 45). We call a tune an air. We call a poet a singer. Imogen stands for imagination; hence soul, genius, mind. The terms are derived from Greek and Latin roots, signifying air (spirare, anima, anemos, psyche, ghost, gust). God breathed into Adam a living soul. The soul in death expires in a breath and is figured as a butterfly floating away (Psyche). The poets are "inspired." The Indian god of creation was Hurrikan, "a great wind." Cupid (=Creator, because in the myth love combined the warring elements of chaos) was "born of the winds." The Muses "breathed" into Hesiod "divine words" and he sung a "lovely song." Imogen, then, a "piece of tender air," was, in fact, music, that is, poesy, and she was lost, cast out, like the other divine creatures of the plays.

Now take Perdita. The first thing that strikes us (after the central fact of her being lost) is her parentage. She was the daughter of Harmony (Hermione). We are told that Harmonia represented the chain of created beings, that is, Nature. As I before stated, whatever

is nature is important in Shakespeare. In the myth harmony and nature are synonymous. Before the world was created there was only chaos or discord. The warring elements were brought into order by the power of love, resulting in what we call creation. Hermione is an extremely significant name, as it stands equally for Nature and Music. If, therefore, we are to suppose that Perdita stands for the author's poesy, the descent begins well on the mother's side. Posthumous, who "anchors upon Imogen" and desires his *soul* to "hang there like fruit," was born of Leo (Leonatus). Leo is the sun—that is, Apollo—and Apollo was the god of music and the patron of poetry. Perdita was the daughter of Leontes (=Apollo). So that, to take the allegory, she was the offspring of Music and Harmony. Surely a legitimate descent for Poesy.

As the name implies, Perdita is lost. Let us consider the name *Winter's Tale.* What is the *Winter's Tale?* It is simply the story of the lost summer, which in its different aspects constituted the basic myth of the old world. Around it the old mysteries centred. The myth had many variants, but all had to do with the same theme—the changes of the seasons. Men saw the bright summer fade in the gloom of winter and out of this built up the beautiful fables that have come down to us.

All the gods and goddesses are finally resolvable into one "or, at most, two." The "bright gods" stood for summer, the "dark gods" for winter. Together they represent the mysterious duo-unity which we see in Nature and without which nothing could exist. Hence the old formula that "all things come of strife and desire" and the fable of Chaos and Love. We call it variously the Nature Myth, the Creation Myth, the Sun Myth. It is the stem from

which *burgeons* all of mythology. The myriad fables of the gods and goddesses are but the foliation and efflorescence of this central trunk. The myth is protean, as is proper in a nature myth. It pays little attention to "unities" or even to sex. Here and there is some attempt at order, though not very successful or long sustained. Thus we are told that there were twelve gods—Jupiter, Neptunus, Mercurius, Mars, Venus, Diana, Ceres, Minerva, Vesta, Juno, Vulcanus, Apollo. All these, in fact, represent one and the same thing.

The constant confusion of sex and identity which we find in mythology renders hopeless any attempt to introduce order among the gods. Plutarch's essay on Isis and Osiris may serve for illustration. Here the same god appears variously as father, mother, brother, sister, wife and husband. In the "Life of Crassus" Plutarch says: "Here (at Hierapolis) he met with the first ill omen from that goddess whom some call Venus, others Juno, others Nature, or the cause that produces out of moisture the first principles and seeds of all things and gives mankind their earliest knowledge of all that is good for them." In the "Golden Ass of Apuleius" Lucius invokes Isis as "Queen of Heaven, whether thou art the genial Ceres, the prime parent of fruits, who joyous at the discovery of thy daughter didst banish the savage nutriment of the acorn, and pointing out a better food dost now till the Eleusinian soil: or whether thou art the celestial Venus who in the first origin of things didst associate the different sexes through the creation of mutual love and art worshipped in the sea-girt shrine of Paphos: or whether thou art the sister of Phœbus, who by relieving the pangs of women in travail by soothing remedies hast brought into the world multitudes innumerable and art now venerated in the far-famed shrines of

Ephesus: or whether thou art Proserpine, who, wandering over many a grove art propitiated by various modes of worship, by whatever name and under whatever form it is lawful to invoke thee." In response to this invocation the goddess appears and thus proclaims herself: "I, who am Nature, the parent of all things, the mistress of all the elements, the primordial offspring of Time, the supreme among the divinities, the queen of departed spirits, the first of the celestial and the uniform manifestation of the gods and goddesses, who govern by my nod the luminous heights of Heaven, the salubrious breezes of the ocean, and the anguished, silent realms of the shades below, whose one sole divinity the whole orb of the earth venerates under a manifold form, with different rites, and under a variety of appellations." A writer says: "Adonis is only another name for Dionysos, and as he is Polyonymous, the many-named, so Adonis is Erbuleus, the wise counsellor, the Dikeros, the two-horned, nourisher of all the vital power of the world, male and female, or, as Shelley says, a sexless thing." The same writer says: "Isis and Osiris were all the gods of the Pagans; for as Osiris was Jupiter, Bacchus, Pluto, &c., so Isis was Ceres, Juno, Terra, Proserpine, &c., in fine, all the goddesses, whence she was denominated Myrionymia, the goddess with a thousand names." Sir William Jones says: "We must not be surprised at finding, on a close examination, that the characters of all the Pagan deities, male and female, melt into each other, and at last into one, or two; for it seems a well-founded opinion that the whole crowd of gods and goddesses were only the powers of nature and principally those of the sun, expressed in a variety of ways."

It is easy to see how the changes of the seasons became the basis of the ancient mysteries. The death

of the summer was followed by a resurrection in spring. The spiritual bearings of these phenomena are obvious. As the mysterious rotting of the seed in earth gave rise to new life, so the rotting of the body in the grave was fraught with hope of a life to come. The analogies were so natural and evident that they were adopted by all the Old World and have even come down to our own time. Generally, the bright gods were worshipped, but these same gods, as the sun declined in the ecliptic, descended to the shades and were there worshipped under other names. The forms of the myth are various, but the general story is that of a youth, a maiden, or a god, who is slain and goes to the shades but is afterwards restored. All symbolize the lost summer, which is brought back to earth as the sun ascends the "upper hemisphere" (Macrobius, Prichard, &c.). A writer on the subject says: "It is a well-known fact intimately connected with the different religions of Greece and Asia Minor that during the times of the harvest in autumn, and again in the season of sowing, in spring, the shepherds, the vintagers, and the people in general were accustomed to observe certain sacred festivals—the autumnal sad, the vernal joyous. These undoubtedly grew out of the deep sympathy between man and nature, over the decay and disappearance, the revival and return of vegetation." The myth appears variously in the stories of Ceres and Proserpine, Cupid and Psyche, Venus and Adonis, Cybele and Atis, Baldur and Hermod, Isis and Osiris, Ishtar and Hea, Salambo and Tammuz. All symbolize the disappearance or loss of the summer. The *Winter's Tale* is, therefore, the story of the lost summer.

Why did Shakespeare select this title for a play? What was there in the story that appealed to him? The play is supposed to have been suggested by Greene's

"Pandosto," and Baconian writers have found significance in Greene's title-page: "Pandosto: the Triumph of Time, wherein is discovered by a pleasant history, that although by the means of sinister fortune, Truth may be concealed, yet by Time, in spite of fortune, is most manifestly revealed. . . . *Temporis filia veritas.*" Undoubtedly this is significant. It is also significant that the lost one in the play is the daughter of Apollo and Harmony, or of Nature.*

Time, as Chorus, tells us that he "makes and unfolds error," and that his "news will be known when 'tis brought forth" (IV. 1, 2 and 27). But how are we to connect the idea of the myth—the lost summer—with Perdita; in other words, with the poet's art? The answer to this, I think, is simple and obvious. We need only turn to the Sonnets to find the summer and its significance. The author's art is there figured for all time in vernal imagery:—

> "How shall Summer's honey breath hold out
> Against the wrackful siege of battering days?" (45)
>
> "Never resting Time leads Summer on
> To hideous winter,
> Then, were not Summer's distillation left." (5)
>
> "Making no Summer of another's green." (68)
>
> "Yet not the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell,
> Could make me any Summer's story tell." (98)
>
> "Ere you were born was beauty's Summer dead." (104)
>
> "Thy eternal Summer shall not fade." (18) †

If Imogen, a "piece of tender air," stands for the author's art, genius, or thought, Perdita, the lost summer, may stand for that which is figured in the Sonnets as "Summer's honey breath."

The minor analogies of the plays need not be dwelt

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* "Great Nature, like his ancestry;" "Nature carved thee for her seal," &c.

† See Sonnets 5, 6, 18, 54, 56, 65, 68, 73, 97, 98, 102, 104.

upon, as they are sufficiently obvious. One point, however, may be noted. The "daughter" in each of the plays is of illustrious descent. Marina's derivation was from ancestors who stood equivalent with mighty kings, but "time hath rooted out my parentage and to the world and awkward casualties bound me in servitude" (V. 1, 85). Perdita is "too noble for this place," and "nothing she seems or does but smacks of something greater than herself." I find significance in this. Considering the condition of the stage in Bacon's time, I can understand how, if he wrote the plays, he might feel the imputation they lay under of being considered the work of a common player. In such circumstances it is natural that he would insist upon their more worthy origin. There is also significance in Apollo's oracle that "Leontes shall not have an heir till his lost child be found."

A word remains to be said. It may be supposed that I bear down too hard upon the mythologic theory, that I attach too much weight to it. To those who may be of this opinion I can only say, Read the writers of the period. Read Peele, Spenser, Drayton, Drummond, Sidney, or any of the rest. Read Shakespeare. Read the "Phœnix and the Turtle," where an allegory, "sung to deep ears," is couched in solar symbology. The fact is, the Elizabethan writers were steeped in mythology. Mr. Grote says, "Myths were the sole mental stock of the early Greeks." The old classics were almost the sole mental pabulum of Shakespeare's time. Mythologic allegories were not the exception but the rule, and it requires a somewhat competent knowledge of mythology to read with intelligence the writers of that age.

C. G. Hornor.

Note.—In thinking of the suggestions advanced in the above paper, I will confess that I have a tendency

to regard them as fanciful or even trivial. I am sufficiently sceptical. Although I have read Baconian literature for years, I am not a Baconian, simply because I regard the evidence as insufficient, and after each new argument I return with the Scotch verdict—"not proven." In spite of this, the facts remain. The *Winter's Tale* is an allegory of the lost summer. Except upon some such theory I see no propriety in the title at all. Taking the mere story of the play, why should it be called a *Winter's Tale?* I can see no reason. The symbology of the play is surely what I have represented it to be. Leo is certainly the symbol of the sun, as every reader knows, and as anyone may verify by turning to the almanac, where it stands to this day as the sign of August in the zodiac. Hermione is certainly Harmonia, or Harmony. She was the daughter of Mars and Venus—in other words, of "strife and desire," or Chaos and Love, that is, Nature, or Creation. The myth is perfectly well known, as is also the Heraclitic formula quoted. The meaning of the myth is perfectly plain. Everyone at all versed in philosophy knows that the myth has a valid metaphysical basis which has been accepted as fundamental by every thinker from Empedocles to Herbert Spencer. The sun myth has no doubt been overworked, but it still has plenty of vitality. On the scientific side it holds its own ("We are all souls of fire and children of the sun"—Helmholtz), and, even on the religious side, it is not at all a bad religion. Eliminating the merely emotional and accidental—a large elision—and regarding religion as an attempt by man to account for his condition in life on earth, candour compels the admission that there is one organic concept common to Egypt, India and Greece, and which, however illogical, is the basis of our own religion. I mean the emergence of the soul in matter and its release, or the fall of man and the re-

demption, as the Bible has it. I think it is good religion, although, perhaps, not very good philosophy. This, however, is not the point. The myth *does* afford Shakespeare a title. The meaning of the myth *is* what I say. The symbology *is* solar. Leo, the sun, stands for Apollo. Apollo is the god of music and poetry. Hermione means harmony, music, also nature. Perdita, the lost one, is the offspring of these two personifications. The *Tale* is the story of the lost summer, and in the Sonnets the poet's art is figured under this name. The argument may seem trivial, but in the face of these facts what are we to say?—C. G. H.

JUSTICE SHALLOW.

ALL orthodox believers in, or easy-going acceptors of, the traditional authorship of the "Shakespeare" plays, seem to be convinced that the diverting picture of the above-named worthy as drawn in the second part of *King Henry IV.* and in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, is but a satirical holding up to ridicule, under another name, of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, in revenge for that magistrate's treatment of the supposed author's supposed deer-stealing in his supposed park. It is amusing, however, when one comes to examine it, upon what slight—one might say "shallow"—grounds such a surmise is based. For there seems nothing in the character of the Warwickshire magnate or in the circumstances of his life, so far as we know anything of them, to warrant the picture which the playwright has drawn of him, if picture of him it is intended to be. For what is that picture? It is one of a pompous idiot—a shallow, insignificant country Justice—puffed up with family pride, as

ignorant as he is self-important, and with lofty pretensions of having been a roaring blade in his youth, etc. Now, we know very little, it is true, of the life and character of Sir Thomas Lucy, but that little is so utterly unlike the above picture that it seems impossible to believe that he could have been the original of it. Of course, it will be said that the sketch is a caricature, let who will be the original. That no doubt is so, for the artist was drawing for the gallery, who like bold outlines. But even in caricature there should be an element of artistic truth, and there seems positively none in this case. For, judging from what we can learn of the Knight of Charlecote, everything tends to show that his character was not the ideal but the very antithesis of the one here drawn of him. Proud, it is safe to say, he was; and rightly so, of his long and honourable descent, but his pride would be just of that kind most likely to keep him free from the petty vanity and conceit of his supposed likeness. There would be no need for him to assert his right to heraldic distinction—a right hereditary in his family for generations. Then he would probably be the last person in the world to boast of his early peccadillos, even if he had had any, for after the strictest sect of our religion he had been brought up a Puritan. Even Mr. Sidney Lee, who still thinks him the proto-type of Shallow, admits that. From the year 1545, when he was thirteen years old, he had for his tutor John Foxe, the martyrologist, who, expelled from his tutorship at Oxford, found refuge at Charlecote, and "remained there till his pupil no longer needed instruction." In 1552, when twenty years of age, he succeeded to the family's large Warwickshire estates, and there is no suspicion of his ever having had the experience—good or bad—of life, wild or serious, about the Inns of Court, familiarity with which was the weak boast of his supposed pen-pictures.

His life from that time seems to have been that of a dignified and reputable country gentlemen, regularly, and, as far as we know, efficiently, performing his duties as a Justice of the Peace and a Commissioner of Musters for the county. He also "lived on good terms" (as Mr. Lee admits) with the neighbouring gentry, including the learned and fastidious poet and man of letters, Fulke Greville. Fancy the prototype of Shallow—the "starved justice," the "vice's dogger," liar and rake of the plays—tolerated in the refined company of the biographer and friend of Sidney!

The Rev. Frederick Leigh Colville places—and rightly—Sir Thomas Lucy amongst the "worthies of Warwickshire," though he is wrong in identifying him —the dates forbid it—with the Sir Thomas of the same name of whom Bishop Latimer wrote, "There be too few such gentlemen in the king's realm." But it may be doubted, from all we can gather of "Shakespeare's knight," whether he was not equally deserving of the eulogium.

But besides being a Justice of the Peace and in many other ways a local magnate of distinction, Sir Thomas was a knight of the shire for Warwickshire, representing that county in Parliament in the important session of 1584—5, and in 1586 was one of those entrusted with the onerous duty of conducting Mary Queen of Scots to Fotheringay. Fancy the prototype of the Clement's Inn roysterer, the "Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show," taking part in such proceeding!

There is, indeed, nothing in the presentment of Shallow in the plays to connect him in any way with the sober knight of Warwickshire, except the well-known heraldic jocularities and a reference to a deer-stealing incident, and these, I think, disappear on close examination. For, though the satirist blazons the shallow coat with the *lines* of Charlecote, he endows it

with a "dozen," not three, the peculiar distinction of the latter. Then, as to the deer-stealing incident, if Shallow is to represent Lucy in the play, to be consistent, the deer-stealer should be the Stratford youth, or someone clearly personifying him. But who is it to whom the fictitious Shallow addresses the charge, "You have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge?" Why, not to anyone who would by any possibility suggest to the audience of those days the young Stratford depredator, but to Sir John Falstaff, the fat knight, the very last figure, one would suppose, under which anyone would look for the "gentle Shakespeare!"

So far I have made no allusion to the fact that the fictitious Shallow hails not from Warwickshire but Gloucestershire. Surely, if he is to represent the Knight of Charlecote, that is extraordinary. Of course, it may be said—perhaps has been said—that this geographical change of scene is of set purpose—done as a blind to make the reference to the original not too pointed. But that, it seems to me, would be to defeat the whole object of the scene, if that were to show up and bring into ridicule the Warwickshire *bête noire*. What would be the use of so disguising the intended object of the satire that no one not provided with the powerful glasses of modern Shakespearean critics could recognise its individuality?

Then there are other differences which, I think, would have been avoided if the intention of the Playwriter was to identify the Warwickshire with the Gloucestershire Justice. It was necessary, of course, if any disguise was needed, to make some change of surname, and Shallow for Lucy would serve very well if the latter were the sort of person he really (as we have seen) was *not*. But why a change of Christian name? Why was not the supposed presentment "Thomas"

and not (as he was emphatically) *Robert?* And why was the Warwickshire knight (*Miles*) transformed into a Gloucestershire squire (*Armiger*)? Why was all this disguise adopted, only too calculated, as I have suggested, to defeat the very object supposed to be in view? Truly, I see no answer to these questions but one, and that is that the connection between the fictitious Shallow and the real Lucy is a purely imaginary one, based on that series of assumptions which forms the beginning, middle and end of the whole "orthodox" theory of the genesis of the great Shakespearean plays.

But was there any contemporary notion that Shallow meant Lucy? Is there any evidence of such a fact? I, for one, can find no particle. On the other hand I think there is some evidence to the contrary; that is to say, that Shallow did *not* mean Lucy. I do not know whether it has ever been referred to before in the course of Baconian controversy, but in the "Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, 1598—1601," p. 502, there is a letter from Sir Charles Percy (the "Sir" is queried, but there can be no doubt that it is he) to Mr. Carlington (Dudley Carleton?) which, I think, throws some clear light on this point. It runs thus:—

"I am so pestered with country business that I cannot come to London. If I stay here long you will find me so dull that I shall be taken for Justice Silence or Justice Shallow; therefore take pity of me and send me news from time to time, the knowledge of which, though perhaps it will not exempt me from the position of a Justice Shallow at London, yet will make me pass for a very sufficient gentleman in Gloucestershire. If I do not always answer, pray do not desist from your charitable office, that place being so fruitful and here so barren that it will make my head ache for invention. Direct your letters to the Three Cups in Bread Street, where I have taken orders for sending them down.

You need not forbear sending news hither in respect of their staleness, for I assure you they will be very new here."

Now the writer of this, Sir Charles Percy, was closely connected with the Lucy family, and his arms are quartered with theirs on his tombstone at Dumbleton, whence this letter is dated. Would he, I would ask, have written so jocularly of Masters Silence and Shallow if, under the name of the latter, he was aware that an honoured relative was at that time (it was just after the first publication of the plays) being held up to ridicule? Plainly he had no suspicion of such a thing, and if not he—so greedy a seeker after news and in communication with one so capable of supplying it—who then? Surely not the "man in the street" or the mixed audiences of those days who flocked to Bankside or Blackfriars to laugh at the butt of the railleries of the fat knight and who did not care who were the characters represented so long as they were amusing.

But if Shallow were not Lucy whom did he represent? In my humble opinion we have not far to go to find the original. Amongst the "armigeri" and "generosi" who flocked to the Inns of Court and Chancery from country places, nominally to pick up a "bit of law," but in reality to see a "bit of London life," which should magnify their importance in the eyes of their neighbours on their return, there were probably many "Shallows," and, if so, who so likely to take a note of them as that keenest of observers, Francis Bacon, who for the best part of his life lived surrounded by them, and who included in his *Omne Scibite*, the study of humanity in all its phases. Doubtless from amongst these he selected "Robert Shallow, of Clements' Inn and the County of Gloucester, Esquire" (he had, perhaps, seen many such entries on the Registers of his Inn) as a particularly fit subject for one

of the purposes he had in view in the play he had on hand—the satyrizing, that is to say, of the weakness of the Country Bench—and drew him from life, just as in another place he drew "Dogberry," to call attention to the shortcomings of the country police of the day.

This I take to have been the genesis of Shallow, a striking exemplification, amongst a thousand others, of Bacon's professed method of using the stage for educating men's minds to virtue; in other words, of "moralizing in motley."

The prototype of Shallow would, we may conceive, be well known to the wits of the Inns of Court and be recognised by them in his stage dress. Is it not conceivable also that Sir Charles Percy, who was one of them, and who wrote the letter given above, may have come upon him "down Dumbleton way?" There is something in the way that letter reads which suggests a suspicion of it.

John Hutchinson, M. T. Library.

AN INTERESTING LETTER TO YOUNG FRANCIS BACON.

THE following letter, written by Sir Thomas Bodley to Francis Bacon whilst the latter was travelling in France, is No. ccxxxii. of "Reliquiæ Bodleianæ." It is not mentioned by Mallet, Montague, Dixon, Spedding, or any of Bacon's biographers. Yet it is of great interest, for it shows that young Bacon was ill-provided with funds, and the curious may wonder how it came about that his cousin, Sir Thomas Bodley, was supplying his needs. According to Spedding, Sir Amias Paulet landed at Calais on the 25th of September, 1576, and Bacon was in Paris in February, 1578-9, and left for England on the 20th of March in that year. So Bacon was at Orleans on the 19th October, 1577, and the letter was addressed to him in France after the following 18th of December.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—According to your request in your letter (dated the 19th October at Orleans, I received here the 18th of December), I have sent you by your merchant £30 (the thirty is written thus 301) sterling for your present supply, and had sent you a greater sum, but that my extraordinary charge this year *hath utterly unfurnished me.* And now, cousin, though I will be no *severe* exactor of the account, either of your money or time, yet for the love I bear you, I am very desirous, both to satisfy myself, and your friends how you prosper in your travels, and how you find yourself bettered thereby, either in knowledge of God, or of the world; the rather, because the Days you have already spent abroad, are now both sufficient to give you Light, how to fix yourself and end with counsel, and accordingly to shape your course constantly unto it. Besides, it is a vulgar scandal unto the travellers, that few return more religious (narrow, *editor*) than they went forth; wherein both my Hope and Request is to you, that your principal care be to hold your Foundation, and to make no other use of informing your self in the corruptions and superstitions of other nations, than only

thereby to engage your own heart more firmly to the Truth. You live indeed in a country of two several professions, and you shall return a Novice, if you be not able to give an account of the Ordinances, strength, and progress of each, in Reputation, and Party, and how both are supported, ballanced and managed by the state, as being the contrary humours, in the Temper of Predominancy whereof, the Health or Disease of that Body doth consist. These things you will observe, not only as an *English*-man, whom it may concern, to what interest his country may expect in the consciences of their Neighbours; but also, as a Christian, to consider both the beauties and blemishes, the hopes and dangers of the *church* in all places. Now for the world, I know it *too* well, to persuade you to dive into the practices thereof; rather stand upon your own guard, against all that attempt you there unto, or may practise upon you in your Conscience, Reputation, or your Purse. Resolve, no Man is wise or safe, but he that is honest: And let this Persuasion turn your studies and observations from the Complement and Impostures of the debased age, to more real grounds of wisdom, gathered out of the story of Times past, and out of the government of the present state. Your guide to this, is the knowledge of the country and the people among whom ye live; For the country though you cannot see all places, yet if, as you pass along, you enquire carefully, and further help yourself with Books that are written of the cosmography of those parts, you shall sufficiently gather the strength, Riches, Traffick, Havens, Shipping, *commodities*, vent, and the wants and disadvantages of places. Wherein also, for your good hereafter, and for your friends, it will befit to note their buildings, Furnitures, Entertainments; all their Husbandry, and ingenious inventions, in whatsoever concerneth either Pleasure or Profit.

For the people, your traffick among them, while you learn their language, will sufficiently instruct you in their Habilities, Dispositions, and Humours, if you a little enlarge the Privacy of your own Nature, to seek acquaintance with the best sort of strangers, and *restrain* your *Affections* and Participation, for your own countrymen of whatsoever condition.

In the story of France, you have a *large and pleasant Field* in three lines of their Kings, to observe their alliances and successions, their *Conquests*, their Wars, *especially with us;* their Councils, their treaties; and all Rules and examples of experiences and Wisdom, which may be Lights and Remembrances to you hereafter, to Judge of all occurants both at home and abroad.

Lastly, for the Government, your end must *not be like an* Intelligencer, to spend all your time in fishing after the present News, Humours, Graces, *or* Disgraces of Court, which happily may change before you come home home; but your letter and more constant ground will be, to know the Consanguinities, Alliances, and Estates of their Princes; Proportion between the Nobility and Magistracy; the Constitutions of their Courts of Justice; the state of the Laws, as well for the making as the execution thereof: How the Sovereignty of the King infuseth itself into all Acts and Ordinances; how many ways they lay Impositions and Taxations, and gather Revenues to the *Crown.*

What be the Liberties and Servitudes of all degrees; what Discipline and Preparations for wars; what Invention for increase of Traffick at home, for multiplying their commodities, encouraging Arts and Manufactures, or of worth in any kind. Also what Establishment, to prevent the *Necessities* and *Discontentment* of *People,* To cut off suits at Law, and Duels, to suppress thieves and all Disorders.

To be short, because my purpose is not to bring all your Observations to Heads, but only by these few to let you know what manner of Return your Friends expect *from you*; let me, for all these and all the rest, give you this one Note, which I desire you to observe as the Counsels of a Friend, *Not* to spend your Spirits, and the *precious* time of your Travel, in a Captious Prejudice and censuring of all things, nor in an Infectious Collection of base Vices and Fashions of Men and Women, or general corruption of these times, which will be of use only Among Humorists, for Jests and Table-Talk: but rather strain your Wits and Industry soundly to instruct your-self in all things between *Heaven and Earth* which may tend to Virtue, Wisdom, and Honour, and which may make your life more profitable to your country, and yourself more comfortable to your friends, and acceptable to God. And to conclude, let all these Riches be treasured up, not only in your memory, where time may lessen your stock; but rather in good writings, and Books of Account, which will *keept* them safe for your use hereafter.

And if in this time of your liberal Traffick, you will give me any advertizement of your commodities in these kinds, I will make you as liberal a Return from my self and your Friends here, as I shall be able.

And so commending all your good Endeavours, to him that must either *wither* or *prosper* them, I very kindly bid you farewel.

Your's to be commanded, THOMAS BODLEY.

DAS KLASSISCHES IN HAMLET.

THE publication of Dr. Konrad Meier's learned and original work on the classic elements in *Hamlet*, has already been referred to in this journal. The early publication of a translation by Dr. R. M. Theobald is announced. The English translation, moreover, will not be a mere reproduction of the German original. Owing to the circumstances under which that was published, the author was compelled to restrict himself within narrower limits than he desired for the full exposition of his theme. For the translation no such limitation is necessary, and Dr. Meier will add for the English translation a large amount of material which he could not use. He will also in a concluding chapter clearly enunciate the formerly suppressed conclusion, that the scientific and classic scholarship shown in *Hamlet* points to Bacon as the only possible author. Dr. Meier is no half-hearted Baconian; he is an Associate of the Society, and on 11th November read a paper to the Dresden Philological Society entirely devoted to Dr. Theobald's "*Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light.*" In his *Hamlet* notes he refers to all the successive editions of *Hamlet*, each more rich in classic allusion than its predecessor, beginning with the Ur-Hamlet published in Albert Cohn's "Shakespeare in Germany," and then the Early Quartos and finally the 1623 Folio. The first chapter deals with the mythological allusions. The second refers to the personal allusions. The third to the philosophical allusions. The fourth to the general, rhetorical allusions, the verbal and propositional echoes and correspondencies, resemblances in thought or expression. It is stated that this work will probably take classic rank among the annotated editions of *Hamlet*, as the most complete and learned collection of Hamlet notes published. One of

those books which cannot be left out in any well-equipped Shakespearean library.

One of the most distinctive and original features of Dr. Meier's book is his contention that the drama of *Hamlet* especially represents the Reformation period in life and learning. The two most important characters are Hamlet and Horatio, who are Wittenberg students; so are Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern. The University of Wittenberg was the most intellectual centre of Reformation learning and literature, and Philip Melancthon was its most illustrious representative. Consequently the speeches of its Wittenberg students are crowded with (hitherto unnoticed) citations or borrowings from the works of Melancthon. This gives them their most copious classic allusions. Erasmus also represents the same period and the same influences. Dr. Meier has pointed out the curious circumstance that the name *Philipp* is to be found in the Northumberland House manuscript, exactly over the Latin quotation.

> Multis annis jam transactis
> Nulla fides est in pactis
> Mel more, verba lactis,
> Fel in corde, fraus in factis.

And these lines are to be found in *Philip* Melancthon's works.

A very admirable imitation of these lines may be seen in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V., scene ii. 230—237, where honey, milk and sugar are coupled with gall.

SONNETS XXIII.—XXVI.

A CONTRIBUTOR (R.D.) to the *Westminster Gazette* propounds a very interesting theory as to the Sonnets Nos. 23—26, which he suggests refer to the poet's literary work. He points out that in No. 26 ("Lord of my Love") Dr. Drake detected a resemblance to the dedication of "Lucrece," and that in No. 23 ("As an Imperfect Actor," etc.) the last six lines refer to a written poem, whilst the reference to the pleading tongue is suggestive enough of *Venus and Adonis* to justify the conjecture that the writer is here again referring to his own work.

R.D. maintains that the accepted explanation as to No. 25 ("Let those who are in favour with their stars"), which is generally thought to be of a piece with the many other protestations of love or devotion to his patron, *may be incorrect.*

"Surely," says the writer, "the argument is rather that of Ovid's Elegy, from which Shakespeare took the motto that is printed on the title page of his first published work, *Venus and Adonis*:

> "Vilia miretur vulgus mihi flavus Apollo
> Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

"The significance of this quotation has, I venture to think, been rather overlooked; at all events, I cannot at the moment recall ever having seen it mentioned with reference to its context in any Shakespearian commentary. The opening lines are thus translated by Ben Jonson, and put into the mouth of the young Ovid in the opening scene of the *Poetaster*:

> "Envy, why twit'st thou me my time spent ill?
> And call'st my verse fruits of an idle quill?
> Or that, unlike the race from which I sprung,
> War's dusty honours I pursue not young?
> Or that I study not the tedious laws

> And prostitute my voice in every cause?
> Thy scope is mortal, mine eternal fame
> Which through the world shall ever chaunt my name.

"Though the comparison with Ovid need not be pressed too far, it may be recalled that Shakespeare seems to have had some excuse for selecting the passage in question as his motto, or we might say even his manifesto, in making his first appearance in the poetical lists; for at a later period of his career, when applying to the Heralds' College for a grant of arms, he claimed descent from the Ardens; while for his legal knowledge, and the probability that he practised the profession of the law in his youth, abundance of evidence has been adduced by both Lord Campbell and Professor Churton Collins."

Of course if R.D. could accept the view that Francis Bacon was the writer of the Sonnets, how reasonable and forcible his interpretation becomes. The descent from the Ardens is rather a long journey. "War's dusty honours" would certainly require some more auspicious prototype, and as for the legal attainments of the poet, well—that is the old way of reasoning backwards. The poet had, as Lord Chief Justice Campbell said, "a deep technical knowledge of the law," and an easy familiarity with "some of the most abstruse proceedings in English jurisprudence," and therefore, because William Shakspere wrote the Sonnets and plays he must have "practised the profession of the Law in his youth." But not a shred of evidence is to be found that the actor had a speaking acquaintance with the practice of the law, let alone "a deep technical knowledge."

R.D. proceeds:—

"That he should 'unlooked-for joy in that he honoured most' and be happy to 'love and be beloved where he might not remove nor be removed' sounds much more

like the young Ovid than the obsequious Shakespeare flattering a patron (even if he were not a great prince) by such different means as this, for instance :

> " Wretched in this alone that thou may'st take
> All this away and me most wretched make.

" It may have been that the sharp reverse experienced in 1593 (a probable date for this group of Sonnets) by his patron's aspiring friend, Francis Bacon, in the matter of the Queen's subsidy, impressed the poet with the uncertainty of the favours of great princes, and recalled to his mind the motto he had set out with and the elegy he took it from :

> " But Heavenly Poesy no death can fear
> Kings shall give place to it . . .

" This, it seems to me, is the spirit in which the Sonnet is written, and which is summed up in its concluding couplet—the poet's content with his muse, from whom no one may divorce him, no accident separate him."

R.D. correctly identifies Ovid Junior as the writer of the Sonnets. The first scene of the *Poetaster* opens with Ovid Junior sitting in his study, with Luscus, the faithful servant of the family, gesticulating in the background. Young Ovid is repeating to himself some verses which he has written when Luscus breaks in :

Young master, master Ovid, do you heare? Gods a mee! Away with your *songs* and *sonnets* and on with your gowne and cappe quickly: here, here, your father will be a man of this roome presently. Come, nay, nay, nay, nay, be briefe. These verse too, a poyson on them, I cannot abide 'hem, they make mee readie to cast, by the banks of *helicon*. Nay, looke what a rascally untoward thing this *poetrie* is ; I could tear 'hem now.

Ovid : Give me, how neere's my father ?

Luscus : Hart a'man : get a law book in your hand, I will not answere you else. Why so : now there's some formalitie in you. By Jove, and three or four of the gods more, I am right of mine olde masters humour for that ; this villanous *poetrie* will undo you by the welkin.

There is very little flavour of Stratford about this.

R.D. may not have seen an essay published anonymously in 1899 under the title of Shakespeare-Bacon. The writer is in accord with the suggestion that Ovid Junior is intended to represent the writer of the sonnets. "A caricature of some notable Elizabethan Poet" is the description of the character.

"In my opinion," says the anonymous author of the essay, "Jonson's Ovid Junior was invented or designed to excite laughter at the expense of a distinguished contemporary 'wit,' who though less of a scholar in the academic sense, was probably more of a poet by many degrees than Jonson himself."

Of whom was the caricature drawn?

"Of the author of the sonnets," replies R.D.

There is only one step more to be taken. Identify Ovid Junior with a man of the time. Let R.D. spend a lifetime in attempting to get Mr. William Shakspere into the character and he will be no nearer at the end than he was at the beginning. Let him try Francis Bacon and it will only take a few minutes to prove that the costume was made for him.

"All roads lead to Rome" is the old Roman saying, and how remarkable it is that commentators on Shakespeare cannot restrain their pen from writing the name of Francis Bacon. "It may have been that the sharp reverse experienced in 1593 by his patrons aspiring friend Francis Bacon on the matter of the Queen's subsidy impressed the poet with the uncertainty of the favours of great princes and recalled to his mind the motto he had set out with." Omit the words "by his patrons aspiring friend" and substitute "him" for "the poet" and R.D. has given an excellent and apparently an original explanation of Sonnets XXIII.—XXVI. which will live.

THE 1622 EDITION OF *HENRY VII.*

MRS. KINDERSLEY, writing in No. 11, Vol. III. (July, 1905) of BACONIANA, pointed out that she had found on examining several copies of the 1622 edition of Henry VII. that there existed differences in the setting up of the type.

There are two copies of this edition in the Society's library and a careful comparison of them has been made with a third copy. The italics in each of the three differ from the others. In no case so far has there been discovered complete disagreement. In some instances A and B will agree and C be different. In other cases A and C will be in accord and B will be at variance with them. It is difficult to suggest an explanation, as there appears to be uniformity in the Roman type.

A suggestion has been made that every member possessing a copy of the 1622 edition should be invited to lend it to the Society for say 14 days, in order that it may be compared with other copies of the same work. It would be a great sight to see a hundred copies stacked up on the library table; never since they were first published has such a sight been seen. The statistics of their points of difference and agreement might lead to interesting developments. How many distinct printings of the edition took place? There were at least three.

NOTES, QUERIES, AND CORRESPONDENCE.

"Euphues the Peripatician" *

MR. PARKER WOODWARD is one of the stalwarts whose faith in the genuineness of Mrs. Gallup's Cipher Story has never wavered. "I make no apology," says he, "for having accepted the cipher story as true. It is the sign-post upon the lonely moorland; I have preferred to follow the road it indicates, and have not found it to fail. Let others wander into the bogs and tarns if they wish."

No impartial student will question the reality of these pitfalls. The facts brought forward in Judge Stotsenberg's *Impartial Study of the Shakespeare Title,* Mr. Crawford's *Collectanea,* and Mr. Bayley's *Shakespeare Symphony,* constitute of themselves alone a slough of despair from which one would welcome any reliable lead.

But while the Cipher Story may be admitted to be to a certain extent illuminative, on the other hand it creates fresh difficulties by its silences and omissions. Few, if any, Baconians believe that the pseudonyms claimed on the cipher are the real limits of Bacon's productiveness. Mr. Parker Woodward, for instance, finds himself compelled to add Lyly, Nash, Puttenham and Kyd to the list, and although he does not deal with any of these "authors" in an exhaustive manner, one must concede that the evidence he produces is very remarkable, and in some cases almost convincing.

Mr. Woodward brings out some very interesting facts about Greene. He might have added to this chapter some reference to Greene's lines from Mullidor's Madrigal in *Never too Late:*

Mon Dieu, aide moi!

* * *

Hé donc je serai un jeune roi
Trop belle pour moi, hélas, hélas!
Trop belle pour moi, voilà mon trépas!

These appear to lend colour to the statement made in the Biliteral Cipher, that buried up in Word cipher are some French chansons addressed to Marguerite of Navarre.

Mr. Woodward hits off very happily the present position of orthodox opinion. Speaking of Bacon's "New Method," he observes "we can report it has prospered and borne fruit. The brimstone has been so cleverly mixed with the treacle, that the compound has been gulped down with universal satisfaction. Moreover, Bacon always enjoyed a jest, and would have laughed

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* Gay & Bird, 198 pp., crn. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

consumedly to know that some of the most ardent and accomplished partakers of his brimstone and treacle—to wit the faculty of *ad literam* critics—have *swallowed the labels as well!*"

Some of the chapters included in this volume were published originally in BACONIANA; these have been amplified and several new chapters added. "I do not hope," says Mr. Woodward, "to capture general acceptance. No; I shall be content to have taken a small share in clearing the way for a few quiet people, enabling them to appreciate the work of the educator of his race and nation, and to follow up the investigation if inclined to do so."

Whatever may be our own particular shade of opinion, one cannot but admire Mr. Woodward for the courage of his convictions and the charm with which he offers them for our examination.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—Dr. Appleton Morgan is sending to "New Shakespeareana" chapters of his Autobiography which touch upon Shakespeare, and especially upon Bacon-Shakespeare matters. The whole will be of large interest to us Baconians, since Dr. Morgan has been in the thick of the great controversy for thirty years, and has known, either personally or by correspondence, all the protagonists. His own position has been (as BACONIANA recently informed us) of absolute hospitality to all schools of Shakespeare criticism, constructive or destructive, and he was not the first, I think, to contend that the Baconian theory was "The Higher Criticism of Shakespeare," but in founding the New York Shakespeare Society announced that Baconians were Shakespeareans for the purposes of that Society and should always have the fullest hearing. He was the friend of Halliwell-Phillipps, whom Dr. Morgan declares was in no sense hostile to the Baconian hypothesis and expressed himself to him as interested to see what it would develop. Dr. Morgan thinks that Mr. Grant White was also very much shaken as to his belief in the man of Stratford by reason of his explorations in Stratford itself.

In the April, 1907, "New Shakespeareana" instalment of his autobiography Dr. Morgan suggests an entirely new proposition; that is, to say that Emerson, the friend of Carlyle and the greatest of American philosophers, was really the very earliest of American doubters, though not a *per se* Baconian investigator; in fact, that he it was who first inspired in Miss Delia Bacon the idea to the expounding of which she gave her life.

As proof, or at least as evidence tending to proof, Dr. Morgan shows that on every occasion when alluding to Shakespeare things at all, Emerson would dwell on the inadequacies in his biography to supply any opportunities or equipments for, or inducement to, literary production; and it certainly is improb-

able that a writer so little given to repetition as Emerson should so frequently refer to the one statement unless it were a favourite with him.

Dr. Morgan, however, appears to have overlooked a rather positive statement directly in point and confirming his theory, as it seems, exactly. In a letter to *The Republican*, a newspaper printed at Springfield, Massachusetts, for June, 1907, a Mr. Sanborn, a neighbour of Emerson's, has this to say: "It was a question with Emerson whether Shakespeare, the play-actor, could be reckoned the only author of the plays that go by his name."

I wonder if Emerson will now be added to "the half-educated Americans" who, according to Brandes, are the only persons, except "some women," who doubt, or the lunatics, idiots, half-baked, etc., etc., who the Book Reviewers tell us monopolise the hallucination that the greatest literature ever produced came from the offspring of "a bookless neighbourhood" (as Halliwell-Phillipps called Stratford-on-Avon). And speaking of "a bookless neighbourhood" may I suggest a field of investigation? May I suggest that in the records of Warwickshire Probates it would be interesting to discover what libraries or printed books there were in the vicinity of Stratford in and around Shakespeare's date? Books were costly possessions in those days and the inventories of testators or intestates would surely mention any literary properties.

Respectfully,

JOHN LANE.

Essex Fells, New Jersey.

Rawley's "Resuscitatio"

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—The above work is well known. It was "The Bringing into Publick Light several Pieces of the Works, Civil, Historical, Philosophical, and Theological, hitherto sleeping, of the Right Honourable Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount Saint Alban." The first edition was brought out by William Rawley, Bacon's amanuensis and chaplain, in 1657; and a second edition, with a dedication to Charles II., was brought out by Rawley in 1661. Rawley died in 1667, at the age of 79. A third edition was brought out in 1670, reproducing the second with Rawley's dedication to Charles II., but having attached to it a Second Part, now appearing for the first time, under the editorship of one Charles Molloy. There is a Dedication to the King and an Address to the Reader by Charles Molloy; and also a statement by the "Stationer to the Reader." The "stationer" was W. Lee, and in his statement he informs us that the second part of "Resuscitatio" was collected and designed by Doctor William Rawley. It is, however, with Molloy's Address to the Reader

hat I am chiefly concerned. There is a Charles Molloy mentioned in the "Dictionary of National Biography," whom I take to be the same as the man of the "Resuscitatio." This Molloy was born in 1646, and died in 1690; he was entered at Lincoln's Inn on the last day of Trinity Term, 1663, and at Gray's Inn on the 28th June, 1669. In the books of Gray's Inn it is stated that in consequence of his previous standing at Lincoln's Inn, his admission was to date from the 7th Aug., 1667; perhaps his birthday when he was 21. He was the compiler of an extensive treatise on Maritime Law and Commerce, entitled "De Jure Maritimo et Navale." It seems to me likely that this is the same Charles Molloy as undertook to write the "Dedication" and "Address to the Reader" for the Second part of the "Resuscitatio," in 1670.

It is in the Address to the Reader that a passage occurs that is of very great interest to those who are trying to discover something of the mystery of Lord Bacon's life. The passage is as follows:—

"And though to live at another man's benevolence seems the smallest priviledge of a Subject, and to dye at his own command the greatest Prerogative of a King, yet a base Heads-man shall not share so great a glory, as the Chopping of a Head enriched with so much policy and wisdome, but rather Justice herself shall seem to entreate no other hands in his stately execution than his Royal Master's mercy: which he no sooner besought but obtained, and then with a head filled up to the brim, as well with sorrow as wisdome, and covered and adorned with gray hairs, made a holy and humble retreat to the cool shades of rest, where he remained triumphant above fate and fortune, till heaven was pleased to summon him to a more glorious and triumphant rest. Nor shall his most excellent pieces part of which though dispersed and published at several times in his life time, now after his death lie buried in oblivion, but rather survive time, and as incence smell sweet in the nostrils of posterity."

The statement that Bacon "made a holy and humble retreat, into the cool shades of rest, where he remained triumphant above fate and fortune," is one that it is impossible to reconcile with the ordinarily accepted account of the last few years of his life, and with its termination in 1626. The date of his letter making his last appeal to King James, and after which he received forgiveness, was 30th July, 1624,* only about twenty months before the 9th April, 1626, the date given for his death. And during those twenty months he had in no sense made "a holy and humble retreat into the cool shades of rest." He was much in evidence, and was carrying on experiments in Natural History during the time of his residence in Lord Arundell's house at Highgate, when his life terminated. Indeed, so little had he retired into the "cool

* Stephen's "Letters," Ed. 1702, p. 298.

shades of rest," that he was summoned to King Charles' first Parliament in 1625.[*] Note, too, how Molloy says, "Nor shall his most excellent pieces . . . *now* after his death lie buried in oblivion." This "*now*" does not seem appropriate if speaking of a death that occurred forty-four years before. The subject is very interesting, and the language used such as may well set men thinking—and perhaps was used with that intention.

GRANVILLE C. CUNINGHAM.

Who was "Captain Francis Bacon?"

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

IN "Howell's Familiar Letters" (David Nutt in the Strand, London, 1890) I find the following paragraph in Letter II., written by Howell and addressed "To my Father upon my first going beyond Sea:"

"Had I still continued Steward of the Glass-house in *Broad*-street where Captain *Francis Bacon* hath succeeded me, I should in a short time have melted away to nothing among those hot *Venitians*, finding myself too green for such a Charge; therefore it hath pleased God to dispose of me now to a condition more suitable to my Years, and that will, I hope, prove more advantageous to my future Fortunes."

The letter bears date March 1, 1618, and it seems that Howell had accepted employment from a company of "prime Lords of the Court" who had a patent for making glass with pit coal, as an "Agent abroad."

Now, who was this "*Captain* Francis Bacon?"

F. C. HUNT.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—May I make a suggestion that during the present winter arrangements should be made for more frequent meetings of members at the Society's rooms? One of my objects in joining the Society was to have an opportunity afforded me of meeting those who made a study of the literature of Bacon's period, exchanging views thereon, and receiving, and possibly giving, in some small degree, information. Much pleasure and advantage could be gained from such gatherings. The Society has excellent rooms, centrally situated, and if the Council would grant the facilities, I believe many of the members like myself would gladly avail themselves of the privilege. These meetings might have an important bearing on the future of the Society. The accomplish-

[*] Mallet's "Life of Bacon," Ed. 1740, p. 113.

ment of the work contemplated requires many helpers and liberal supply of funds. I believe that enthusiasm on behalf of an object is stimulated more by contact with those who are influenced by similar objects and pursuits than by even a perusal of the columns of any journal. It would be very fitting if these meetings could be inaugurated on the anniversary of Bacon's birth, the 22nd of January. I believe that a circular of invitation sent out for that day would be largely responded to. The meetings at which papers are read and which are held in the drawing-rooms of lady members of the Society are admirable, but there is less of the freedom about them which one might hope to enjoy than would be the case at the Society's rooms. One other suggestion I should like to make, that members might be permitted to borrow books from the library.

A NEW MEMBER.

NOTES

THERE has been a breezy correspondence in the columns of the *Birmingham Daily Mail* on the claims made that Francis Bacon was the author of the Shakespeare plays, but it contains no new feature and is only referred to here by way of introducing a delightful criticism on Mr. Sidney Lee's last effort, "Shakespeare and the Modern Stage." One of the correspondents considered he closed all argument by quoting the dictum of Mr. Lee. "The opinion of Mr. Sidney Lee," he says, "admittedly the greatest living authority on Shakespeare, must always command respect and attention."

Not so says the New York Shakespeare Society, for in the last number of "New Shakespeareana" issued by them, the following paragraphs will be found:—

Books by Mr. Sidney Lee come not single spies, but in battalions. This last one (we mean, of course, the last so far, for we would not encourage the phantoms of hope) rejoices in the name of "Shakespeare and the Modern Stage;" "The Modern Stage," part of its title, being justified by a chapter or two of the cheapest and most common-place kind of newspaper criticism of a local actor—a Mr. Benson. While as to Shakespeare, the book, as is usual with Mr. Lee's product, there is nothing in it

that might not have been written two hundred and seventy-eight years ago. But jejune as it all is, even its repetition for the ten thousandth time is better than anything Mr. Lee gets into his own words. We read, for example, a sentence like this (page 30): "It was not merely the recognition of the critical and highly educated that Shakespeare received in person (*sic.*), it was by the voice of the half-educated populace, whose heart and intellect were once in the right, that he was acclaimed the greatest interpreter that literature had known." Letting pass Mr. Lee's slip-shod English, one might comment that this was not only not true, but that, if it were true, then every line in every book in every Shakespeare library in Christendom is surplusage, and worse than valueless. If Shakespeare was known in his own day to be all that he has been discovered to be since, there not only never was any necessity of repeating it day by day for these three hundred years; no more necessity of writing more volumes —even of writing Mr. Lee's—than it is necessary to weary heaven and add a new tedium to existence by ceasing not to shout, day and night, that Queen Elizabeth was once a Queen of England! But of this statement Mr. Lee tells us (*ibid.*) "there is evidence." And we do Mr. Lee the justice of believing that he is trying to tell the truth and that he believes that he is telling the exact truth. Indeed, this is precisely the idea we have always had of Mr. Lee's calibre—that he understands the word "evidence" exactly to mean anything he copies out of anybody else's book to pad his own with. For if Mr. Lee has any capacity for, or tendency to undertake the toil of original research in Shakespeare fields, he certainly has been successful in concealing the fact in the Shakespeare literature he has so far manufactured. In the volume before us he makes quite as liberal use of Mr. Jusserand as he heretofore did of Dr. Halliwell-Phillips, though with the difference that he is polite enough to acknowledge his indebtedness. Mr. Lee's account of the various attempts made by Englishmen to erect at their own expense a monument to Shakespeare we have no means at hand to verify. As to the sporadic attempts of Englishmen to rear monuments to the dramatist at the expense of other nations on the plea that Shakespeare is "the World's Poet" (the appeals of late years have usually been headed by Dr. Furnivall) we once made some computation; noting also that upon their failure our English friends have invariably decided that Shakespeare was too great to need any

monument at all, that himself was his own best monument, &c., &c. In brief, this is only a binding up of more or less valueless things which Mr. Lee has written—for revenue no doubt. Its title, "Shakespeare and the Modern Stage," is to be justified, we suppose, by two perfunctory criticisms upon the acting of a Mr. John Benson. As Mr. Benson has never given us the pleasure of his performances in the United States, we cannot pronounce as to whether Mr. Lee's estimate of him is valid or otherise.

° ° °

A BOLT from the blue came into the midst of students of Shakespeare when it was announced that a new cypher had been discovered in the first folio edition of the plays, which held the secret that they were written by Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. Interviews with the discoverer were published in the daily Press, from which it appeared that the result so far had been to trace a cypher running through every play, showing that the author was Southampton and indicating that hiding-place of the MSS. of the plays. An invitation was sent by the Council of the Society to the discoverer, who is a schoolmaster at Willesden, asking if he would read a paper on the subject before the members.

The following reply was received:

"In reply to your favour, received this morning, I can say with pleasure, Yes, for one hundred pounds, cash down, on this day fortnight, the 3rd inst. I have the honour to be," &c.

"The rest is silence."

° ° °

A CORRESPONDENT draws attention to a statement which he has frequently seen made without any authority being given. It is that copies of Napier's and Briggs' books on logarithms are extant with calculations therein in Bacon's own handwriting. He asks for information as to where such books are now deposited.

° ° °

THE Duologue which appeared in the October number of BACONIANA was from the pen of Miss Alicia A. Leith. In that

Duologue on page 241 the word *Ogmius* was incorrectly spelt *Ogonius.*

* * *

Miss Leith writes:—"A piece of important evidence *re Twelfth Night* has come to light. In 1906 I wrote two articles proving that Arabella Stuart was *Countess Olivia* in that play. Elton's 'Shakespeare,' p. 289, prints the fact that Arabella complained in 1610 of certain '*curnisi pubici*' intending to *put her into a play.*"

* * *

The 22nd of January this year will fall on a Wednesday and the Annual Dinner, inaugurated last year, of the Society will take place at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's, when Mr. Granville C. Cuningham will preside. After dinner "the immortal memory of Francis Bacon" will be honoured. During the evening, through the courtesy of Mrs. Bunten, it has been arranged that some of the songs of the period shall be rendered by eminent artists. This function should prove to be a very popular one. The Council hope, providing her health will permit, that Mrs. Pott will be present. It is just twenty-two years since she founded the Society, the first meeting having been held on the 18th of December, 1885. The tickets are 7/6 each, exclusive of wine. An early application to the Secretary is requested.

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The building up of the Society's library proceeds apace. The assistance of members in this work is solicited. Gifts of books of course would be very acceptable, but information as to books for sale which would be suitable will also be welcome. The greater part of the early controversial literature appeared in America, and many important works are seldom met with in this country. For instance, Nathaniel Hawthorne's "The Authorship of Shakespeare" is not often offered for sale. The Hon. Secretary will be glad to receive catalogues of second-hand booksellers, notices of auctions, where either early editions of Bacon's works or books upon the period are included. He will also be willing to assist members in the purchase of books which they may be desirons of obtaining.

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Since when did the Treasurer of the Society become a dignitary of the Church? In an epitome of Shakespeare-Bacon literature by W. H. Wyman, which appeared some time ago in

"Shakespeariana," published in Philadelphia, a pamphlet by Mr. Francis Fearon is thus referred to: "Archdeacon Fearon gives in this pamphlet a very complete summary of all points favouring the anti-Shakespearian authorship."

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A NEW edition of "The Diary of Master William Silence," by Judge Madden, has appeared. After ten years further study of the works of Shakespeare, the Vice-Chancellor of Dublin University thus dismisses the subject: "It is no part of my purpose to enter into a discussion of what is known as the Bacon-Shakespeare question. Had I been so minded I should have been deterred by the saying of my revered friend Provost Solomon: 'There is one more foolish than the man who believes that Bacon wrote Shakespeare—the man who argues with him.'" Had the Professor in mind the old saying that, He who fights and runs away lives to fight another day?

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THERE are three men who have done Trojans' work to establish what is termed the internal evidence in favour of the Baconian authorship of the plays. They are Gervinus, extracts from whose commentaries are found in another column; George Brandes, who has from the plays constructed a life of the writer which in all its main features coincides chronologically with that of Bacon and differs at every point with that of Shakespeare; and G. Churton Collins, whose scholarly contributions to Shakespearean literature have demolished the Richard Farmer arguments, and who has, from the text of Ralph Walde Emerson, that the reputed writings of Shakespeare and his life were so utterly at variance that the twain cannot be united by a marriage ceremony, preached a series of sermons so powerful, so conclusive in their arguments, that he will ever be entitled to the reverence and homage of all Baconians.

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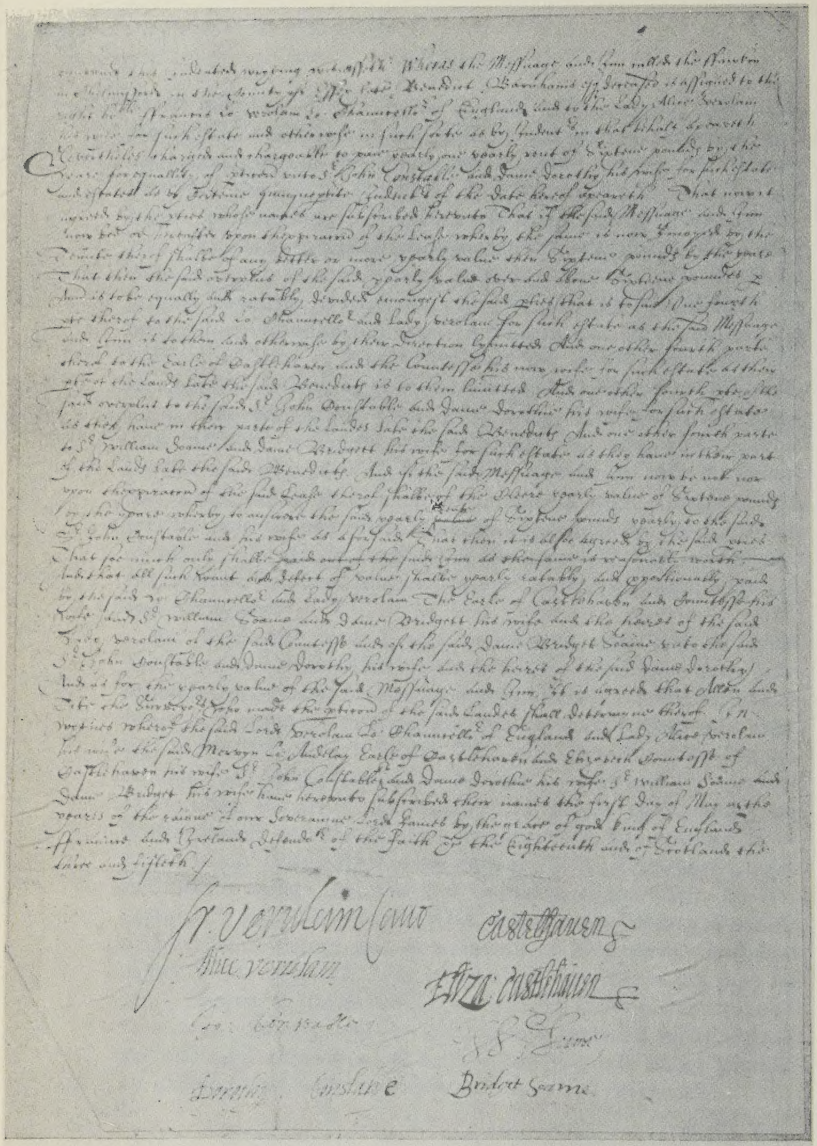
A COLOSSAL work on papermarks has recently been published in Geneva, entitled: "Les Filigranes: Histoire des Marques du Papier des leur Apparition vers 1282 jusqu'en 1600." 4 Vols.; Geneva, 1907. Author, C. M. Briquet; price £8. These four volumes contain upwards of 12,000 illustrations. Mr. Bernard Quaritch is the English agent.

Obituary

MANY members of the Bacon Society will share the grief with which we have heard of the death of our greatly respected and well-accomplished representative in South Africa, Mr. Henry Stratford Caldecott, F.R.G.S., F.R.C.I. He had been in bad health for some time; he was a life-long sufferer from asthma, and this must have caused feebleness of the heart, for he died rather suddenly from heart-failure on Saturday, Nov. 30. He was born at Port Elizabeth in 1846, and received a liberal education at the colleges of Rondebosch and Grahamstown. He became the leading solicitor in Kimberley, and was associated with Mr. Rhodes and the leading gold and diamond merchants in Johannesburg. He married the sister of Mr. Sauer, well known in Transvaal politics; a highly accomplished lady, who had superintended the education of Miss Olive Schreiner. Mr. Caldecott was prominent in all movements connected with education and literary culture, and often lectured, especially on the Baconian question. He was in England in the year 1888, and we had the great pleasure of becoming acquainted, indeed intimate, with him and his family.

Mr. Caldecott was a very convinced and well-informed Baconian, and some of his researches and studies have been published in BACONIANA. He was especially interested in the Parnassus plays, and made a searching analysis of their history and relation to the Shakespeare drama. The July, 1896, No. of BACONIANA contains two brief papers from his pen, pp. 166 and 171; in one of them the Parnassus is employed to supply commentary on Shakespeare; and the No. for January, 1897, has another brief paper, p. 54. The writer of an obituary in the *Transvaal Leader* for Dec. 2 refers, without the ordinary vituperation, to Mr. Caldecott's Baconian belief: "He was a keen literary student, well versed in history, and as a student of Shakespeare had few equals in this country. Like many other disciples of the poet he was a believer in the Baconian theory." His funeral was attended by a large company, and the wreaths and garlands spoke of grief and esteem in all sections of society, for he made many friends, no enemies, and to know him was to love and revere him.

R. M. T.



A Relic of Lord Verulam.